

The Evening World.

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SUGAR, TEA AND COFFEE.



SUGAR, tea and coffee are things which every family uses. A few cents difference a pound in their cost makes dollars of difference in the household expenses.

A rich family uses little if any more pounds of sugar, tea and coffee than a poor family uses. A wife with plenty of money to spend may pay more for a pound of tea or a pound of coffee than does a workingman's wife, but the more expensive grades of tea and

coffee go further than the cheaper grades. Thus a tax on sugar, tea and coffee comes about as near being a poll tax as is possible in levying an indirect tax. A poll tax is where every man over twenty-one pays the same number of dollars. Under a coffee, tea and sugar tax the poor man will pay more dollars than a rich man because the average family of poor men is larger and they buy the cheaper quantities.

For these reasons a coffee, tea and sugar tax is preferred by a powerful element in the community to an income or inheritance tax. An income tax levied on incomes of \$1,000 or more would collect nothing from the majority of the community, because the average yearly income of the United States is less than \$1,000. An inheritance tax on estates of \$5,000 or over would not affect three-fourths of the people of the United States at all, because outside of the many who have no property to administer the average surrogate's estate is less than \$5,000.



This makes it clear why Speaker Cannon's committee reports a new tariff bill putting a tax of eight cents a pound on tea, retaining the tariff protection on refined sugar at 1.9 a pound, and with a new coffee schedule which may result in a tax on Brazil coffee, which would include the bulk of the cheaper grades.



A little inheritance tax was included, too, but no income tax. The tentative inheritance tax, which may be lost in the Senate or in the conference committee, is but a small fraction of the way England taxes inheritances. And England has a King and House of Lords and a titular nobility.

Maybe if the men who are behind the tariffs and the trusts were to be labelled by law and grouped like the dukes, earls, marquises, barons and the rest of the English nobility the other millions of people of the United States might shift the burden of taxation as do the other millions of England.



Letters From the People

Sending Children Home.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I would like readers to discuss this question: Why is it that pupils in some schools are sent home by teachers if they happen to be late? In this way they lose three or more hours of teaching, and, when a test is given, naturally they fail. Why not let late pupils remain after school? Of course, pupils should be on time, but lateness is sometimes unavoidable.
 L. J. and H.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 What is the pronunciation of the street in London—"Pell Mail?"
 J. D. E. H.

Does Farming Pay?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I wish some reader with actual experience and a rudimentary fondness for telling the truth would tell me honestly if a farm within fifty miles of New York can be made to pay? I don't mean can it bring me in a fortune or even make me a comfortable living. But can it (without heavy capital outlay) be made to pay expenses and also for the hire of one or two men? This will interest all the thousands of readers who secretly long to live out of town. One economical, practical Connecticut farmer told me his hundred acre farm was a yearly loss of \$20 for him. Let's hear what straight talks on this.
 MYRON LARKO JR.

In The World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Where can I obtain a list of the office in the United States having a population of more than 10,000?
 JACOB SAMUELS.

"Outdoor Medicine."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A firm which deals very extensively with medicines once told me their summer sales did not compare with those of winter. I asked why. The answer was: In summer everybody is out of doors. So people keep well and don't need drugs. This simple answer set me to thinking. Why pay big doctor's bills when economy, pleasure and health all profit so vastly by "outdoor medicine"?
 G. J. C.

Is in every breath of fresh air. Men must often work all day indoors. But women—from now on to November—can usually make time to be out of doors for hours clear every day, thus saving doctor's bills and gaining in good looks. Try it, women.

The "Foreign Word" Craze.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 More and more is the tendency to borrow in truth steel-foreign words and phrases and incorporate them into our vocabulary. Some delight in speaking of an "infant terrible." They refer to "de profundis" with awe. With great expression "Mon Dieu!" is uttered. "Prosit!" is their favorite at the dining table and they make you suffer untold agony when the waiter, who is a German, is accosted as "Garcen." Oh, will people ever mend these silly ways?
 ARTHUR THOMAS, New Jersey.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Which is the greater manufacturing State, New Jersey or Connecticut?
 F. C. W.

The capital employed in New Jersey is \$115,000,174. In Connecticut, \$173,252,540. In New Jersey there are 266,336 wage-earners to Connecticut's 115,005. Wages paid in New Jersey are \$125,184,591 to Connecticut's \$75,442,728. The value of New Jersey's products is \$74,569,025 to Connecticut's \$65,082,061.

As to Patriotism.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In reference to "J. R. R." letter criticizing overt acts of patriotism, I would say it is no news to go up in the air about showing respect to our country. We are in the spend millions of dollars every year for an army and navy. "Hearst on sleeves" as nothing to do with it as a foreman will not spend the flag but will not be satisfied until he has a flag on his back. I have seen many a foreign country and at home and those country's national anthems and the played he would probably be requested to stand. Let us hear from Americans who have lived abroad.
 G. J. C.

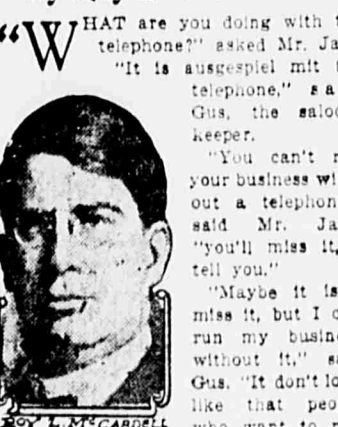
The Entering Wedge.

By Maurice Keppen.



"Raus Mit der Telephone!" Says Saloonman Gus; It's the Drug Store's Business to Be Accommodating

By Roy L. McCardell.



"WHAT are you doing with the telephone?" asked Mr. Jarr.
 "It is a nuisance," said Gus, the saloon-keeper.
 "You can't run your business without a telephone," said Mr. Jarr.
 "You'll miss it," said Gus.
 "Maybe it is a nuisance, but I can run my business without it," said Gus.
 "I don't look like that people who want to run their business can get along without a telephone," replied Gus. "But what good is it to me? Can I sell a pint of beer over the telephone? Don't even think of that. Come to wrap up half a dozen bottles beer and a quart of case goods whiskey to look like groceries, come from people that want to swing me!"
 "I don't see that," said Mr. Jarr.
 "Well, it's true," replied Gus. "A fellow what has money will come in and

buy stuff to take home, but the fellow what wants to swing me will use the telephone at my busy time, and when I send Elmer, my bartender, mit the package, unless I think to say, 'Get the money-wait, they'll tell Elmer they paid for the stuff, or to tell me that they'll pay for it the first time they pass. But they don't; they go around the other way.'"
 "But it's handy to order things, and it's a convenience in many ways," said Mr. Jarr.
 "It ain't nothing but a convenience to other people," asserted Gus. "I remember them telephones when I was a greenhorn and worked in my brother-in-law's liquor store, and the loafers made me believe that the telephones couldn't talk German over them, and when the bell rang I used to get 'em up to them loafers to answer the telephone and tell me what it said!"
 "But you know better now," said Mr. Jarr.
 "Sure, I know better now," remarked Gus complacently. "I know a whole lot better now. I know that when I ain't here Elmer uses it to Hoboken, where he comes from, and my wife Lena uses it to Hoboken, and my brother-in-law what is too stingy to eat a cold potato in the sunlight for fear his shadow

would ax him for a bite, he calls up here and reverses the charges. Everybody in this neighborhood uses this telephone, and don't pay me if they can help it. And they use them long-distance calls when Elmer is here alone and pays him for a local!"
 "Is that all?" asked Mr. Jarr.
 "No, that ain't all," said Gus. "Everybody that lives around here and what ain't got no telephone calls me up and says, 'Gus, will you send somebody up to my flat on the top story three doors above and tell my wife I ain't coming home to dinner?' And when that mesquite is delivered don't the vintners think their make is in any liquor store spending their money and not coming home? And even the vintners that give me such a sour face, calls me up from downtown and axes me to run up where they lives and tell the servant girl to put the meat and dump-lings on for supper, or to send out and get a steak because they is going to bring company home!"
 "You shouldn't mind being accommodated," suggested Mr. Jarr.
 "I don't want to get a roasting when there is a mistake in the mesquite, and why should I be accommodated?" said Gus. "Ain't that what a drug store is for? Them drug stores can make money delivering free telephone mes-

stiches and selling stamps and letting people look in the directory, but I can't do it. So raus mit der telephone!"
 "You'll stop receiving mail next," said Mr. Jarr.
 "Sure I would like to," said Gus. "What letters does anybody get but those insults, and people asking you to get 'em a club mit your indifference. And fellows what has swung you writes that they is starving to death and to send them two dollars, and wimmins send you letters telling you to beavre because you run a place that should be raided, and take all honest working-men's money. No, I think it would be a good thing if no letters came to anybody. You never get a letter mit any good news that anybody you know is dead, or anything like that. And so I don't write no letters to anybody and I don't want anybody to write any letters to me!"
 "You'd better stop the mail man from coming, then," said Mr. Jarr.
 "I try to, but he says he is discharged in his duty, and he don't want him to lose his job," said Gus. "I don't get nothing but bills mit 'Please remit' on 'em, but I get rid of 'em!"
 "How?" asked Mr. Jarr.
 "I write on them 'Opened by mistake' and send them back," said Gus, "but it don't do no good."

Less Moonshine More Matrimony

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

NO. IV.

What Is Sauce for the Gander Means a "Dressing Down" for the Goose.



"I don't like that woman," remarked the bride emphatically.
 "What woman?" answered the bridegroom. "You forget that I had to hide in the bathroom when she came along the hall."
 "It was a miserable afternoon of bewilderment, according to the New York calendar, though in more orthodox communities they call it Sunday."
 "Mrs. J. Van Cott Van Vechten Jones," bridled the bride explanatorily.
 "Well," exclaimed the bridegroom in astonishment, "Well," he said again. "She had an awful nerve to call on you!"
 The moment the words were uttered he would have given his hope of heaven—yes, even his season baseball pass—to recall them.
 A tense silence fell upon the room. There was no use hoping the bride wouldn't understand. She always understood even when there was nothing to understand. Through her narrowed eyelids the dread searchlight of wifely intuition swept the remotest corners of his soul.
 "So that was it, was it? She had an awful nerve to call on me!" she quoted. "Now, I understand what I didn't like her. She's one of your ghosts!"
 "Ghosts?" queried the bridegroom.
 "Perhaps I'd better say spirits of the past," amended the bride. "Your past! I mean, she doesn't look much like a spirit though. Poor old thing! She must watch her!"
 Now the bridegroom did not like to discuss his "past" with the bride. It had all happened before he met her, and by the singular side of man he held himself in no way culpable. Nevertheless it made him ashamed before her. A slow dark shadow burned the pale mask of his cheeks.
 "Really, you're doing a terrible injustice to a most estimable woman!" he lied lamely.
 "Am I? I'm sorry," sneered the bride incredulously. "But never mind. Come here and let me sit in your lap. I want to talk to you!"
 Disarmed by the seeming softness of the bride's mood, the bridegroom obeyed. She put both arms around his neck and nestled her head on his shoulder.
 "Tell me," she cooed in her most honeyed voice, "tell me how many ghosts you had."

have any right to criticize me at all. It was all before I met you," he added righteously.
 Now there had really been balm for the bride's feelings in the bridegroom's sweeping admission.
 "Of course," she conceded, "they couldn't have meant much to you as you would remember their names!"
 The bridegroom smiled proudly at her diplomacy.
 "Now," he said playfully, "let's put you on the rack. Suppose you tell me your past!"
 He did not mean the suggestion seriously. But the bride took it that way.
 "There's something I have always wanted to tell you," she began, rushing upon her fate. "I suppose you think I had never been kissed before I met you. Well, I had."
 The bridegroom's frame grew suddenly rigid under the bride's weight. But all unheeding she steered steadily for the rocks.
 "How many times?" he asked with deceptive calm.
 "Three," she admitted.
 "All from the same man?" he jeered.
 "Oh, no!" said the bride. "Three different men. You see, I didn't like them—you know I had read so much about being kissed. There's so much in novels and poetry about it. The first was a college boy—a big, beefy football player. I thought, of course, being kissed would be something really wonderful indeed—so I let him kiss me. He was such a dreadful frost that I decided all the poets were wrong. In fact, I continued to think so till I met you. That first kiss was just an experiment. The second—well, I intended it for an insult, though the man didn't seem to understand it that way. He was an old man—maybe fifty—and he kept asking and asking and asking me to kiss him. I suppose you don't understand, but one day his insistence made me so furious that I just put up my veil—I had a hat and veil on—and said, 'There, kiss me!' exactly as I would have thrown a bone to a dog or a quarter to a whining beggar."
 "You know," philosophized the bride, "there are a whole lot of men that are just 'emotional panhandlers.' He was one of them. Well, he kissed me—just a peck, you know—and that was the end of him. My third kiss was just a reward!"
 "But the bridegroom could hear no more."
 "Please spare me any further revelations," he interrupted telly.
 He put the bride down from his knee. "Go and sit over there," he commanded.
 "You mean, Go and stand in the corner?" don't you?" said the bride.
 "I am not joking," he replied, sternly. Anger, grief, disillusionment warred in his heart. "And I thought you were an unsophisticated woman!" he commented bitterly.
 The bride gazed with fright upon the havoc she had wrought. Before the bridegroom's indignation she covered like a real culprit. She had told him the truth, the harmless babbling truth, and there he was glaring at her as if she were another Hester Prynne with the red badge of guilt upon her breast.
 "What was worth more—his happiness or the integrity of their relations?"
 "It isn't so! It isn't so!" she cried, and threw her arms about him. "I was only teasing you—trying to get even with you for your past. Oh," she sobbed, "it isn't so, really it isn't! Please forgive me and love me!"
 The bridegroom hesitated. Perhaps he knew she had lied to him. Perhaps he wanted to be lied to. He dropped a cool and condescending kiss on the forehead.
 "We won't say any more about it," he cooed. "Let's go out to dinner." Meantime the bride pondered the world-old anomaly that all wives must learn.
 What is sauce for the gander means a dressing down for the goose.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.
 Translated
 By Helen Rowland.



IN my youth, my Daughter, I knew a maiden of Babylon, and she WAS foolish! For she saved her money.
 Yea, she wore her best hats for two seasons and her FROCKS were ALWAYS made over. The mantles and the hairdresser, they knew her not, and cheap corsets and bargain-sale gloves were her delight.
 For she said, "Lo, I would be loved for MYSELF, alone, and not for my CLOTHES, neither for my INCOME!"
 Yet, when she had waisted twenty-eight and had spent many evenings in solitude by the radiator, reading Sartor Resartus, likewise foolish articles on "How to Keep a Husband," an idea occurred unto her.
 And she said, "Oh, ha!"
 Then she hastened forth, and she drew her hoard out of bank, and she SPENT it! Yea, she moved into an expensive apartment and ran BILLS with the modiste and the milliner. She submerged her angles in made-to-order corsets and her Angers she covered with diamonds. Verily she did things up in STYLE! For she cried out, in her sudden awakening, "Lo, I have NO time to lose!"
 And she called up her COUSINS, saying, "Come! And bring thy new friends, for the house is prepared and the supper awaited them! And I would have much APPARENT attention!"
 Then, behold, men hastened to see such a stunning and POPULAR creature; and, as one fly draweth another, so came they out of CURIOSITY, until her parlor was overcrowded and the sofas were all FULL.
 And when she had married the richest of these, she cried unto herself, "Alack, what a fool was I! For men want not that woman which NEEDETH them, but that one which seemeth to have everything she needeth; and what matter it whether a man loveth thee for thine own sake or for the sake of thy dressmaker, so that he footeth the bills!"
 Verily, verily, the burning question is not "How to Keep a Husband," but how to GET a husband who will KEEP HER properly! Select her

Looie, the Bowler Watch Him Roll! He's a Wonder! By Ferd G. Long

